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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SONG OF THE LIGHT.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

Yet Erebus, draped in his gloomiest black,
Hung his pall of gross darkness round heaven's high throne;
Defiantly stalling his strength to hold back
The blessing of light that from God's features shone.
How bleakly all nature, benumbed with the cold,
Stood in weariness worse than the phantom of death;
While chaos went whirling for ages untold,
Uncheered by a dream of a life-giving breath.

The Father of Life from eternity spoke—
Saying, "Let there be Light!" and I danced like a boy;
Then flashed a red blaze, and the night-king awoke,
And oh, how he laughed with delirious joy!
There cradled in grey, the first day-infant lay,
Overspread with Aurora's love-mantling hues;
And crimson and gold, melting dapples away,
Rich beauty adorned the young child as she grew.

Then spreading my arms to the universe wide,
Bright stars twinkled tenderly o'er the concave—
World after world in the space-ocean glide,
And sun upon sun kiss the life-heaving wave.

I trampled the darkness down under my feet,
And shattered with lightning the dense nebulae,
Then chased with the growl of the thunder's retreat
Great comets, on errands of fiery display.
I touched the first harp of harmonious song,
And its wild echoes sent to awaken the earth,
Enlivening the spectrum that bore me along
With voices of millions of prophesied birth.

Oh, Morning! thou mother of all-coming time,
With wondrous raptures we think of thee now!—
Thy wings tipped with love brought us tidings sublime
Of soul-rays immortal for the rufed human brow.
How I set all my subtle devices to play
Upon matter inert, into action divine;
For man must be fed, and be clothed day by day—
He's the image of God, the immaculate mind.

Then my fingers of gold traced the mazes profound,
First finding clear dew-drops to moisten the air;

Then pouring great floods—mighty oceans abound,
And landscapes of green, with floral tints rare.
Then I locked with the rainbow, peace-queen of the showers,
And down we slid softly to dark ocean caves;
There handled the shells with my marvellous powers,
And paintings exhaustless imperl the deep wave.

Then I soared through the ether with pencil and brush,
And the delicate azure ne'er fades from the skies;
Which lends back to flowerets their loveliest blush.
And perfume the zephyrs that broadcast arise.
All time-serving sands, from creation's warm hands,
First caught their coy, radiant glimpses from me;
And the migrating birds, that my shades understand,
Mark their course by the light that reflects from the sea.

Then I range with the seasons from zone unto zone,
From the polar frost-fretwork on bulwarks of ice,
With the faithful north-star looking ceaselessly down,
To the torrid simoom's horrid death-wind surprise.
I ask for attractions too subtle for sight—
Quick they answer my voice with the throbbings of life;
I the chrysalis break, that soft wings may take flight,
And charm the bird-songs o'er the workingman's strife.

And I color the wines on the clustering vines—
Precious rubies and diamonds refine by my dyes;
And I work with my chemical arts in the mines,
While the snow-crowns of mountains my mischief in-
spire;
I follow the storm-king that scowls o'er the waste,
To dissolve his mad fury as quick as I can—
To smile on the mariner's uplifted face,
And comfort the heart-sick with hope's lengthened span.

Wherever I glance there's a gladdening voice,
Even the moon's pallid beams make the lovers feel proud;
And the waters of worlds in my goodness rejoice,
As they wander through seas, brooks, mists and the clouds.

But I found my fond labor but scarcely begun,
When I touched the faint spark in the grand human soul!
Like a tinder it blazed to the height of God's throne,
With a burning no power can avert or control.
Now I traverse with concourses thronging paved streets,
Laid with nicest precision with bright rolling stars—
Joining hands with Dame Nature, now my climax completes:
Man's Reason enlightened leaps infinite bars.

The light of the mind caught the bolt and the spear
That splintered the heavens so often in twain,
And tamed the rough archer—the giant of fear—
And decked him with science and art's jewelled chain.
Now he purrs in man's hands like a kitten asleep,
One lap of his fire-tongue circles the world;
He talks and he sings, making myriads weep
With joy for the conquest of Light-folds unturled.

Oh, there's nought to compare with the light of the soul
That illumines the chambers of quick'ning thought,
And traces the tremulous pulsings through all
The mysterious windings God's wisdom hath wrought.
The electro-magnetic power, yet in its swathe,
Is waiting to swell through rich musical keys
To the touch of the gentlest maiden, with praise—
For lo, man controls its sweet light with all ease.

The snorting steam-horse who is plowing the main,
Whose strength is the mingling of water and fire,
Swoops, laurelled with glory, through city and plain,
A triumph successful to human desire.

The press and the library-thought's vending-marts
Their value receive from the wealth of sweet Life,
Where the brow of experience shows scars of keen smarts,
And the sweat-drops I wrung through ambition's proud strife.

I have swept the worn wires of right-loving lyres,
That hung on the willows of ages of time;
And the accents that rang from the music I sung
Was mournfully solemn o'er darkness and crime.
Of the time I'd oft sing when my day-star would bring
The Spirit of Truth to Life's mystic locked door,
When the clear light of Life, with its balm-healing wing,
Should hover the children downtrodden and poor.

When the lowly ones raised their little white sails,
And flew on my pinions to Plymouth's bleak shore;
T'was a spark-glow in darkness—but truth never fails;
Now its radiance dances humanity's floor.
On my dazzling beams the free eagle screams,
And the nations beyond the broad seas hear the cry—
And "Liberty!" rings round the thrones of all kings—
"God's Freedom!—man's birthright!—I'LL HAVE IT OR DIE!"

I have trodden the trail of Eternity's veil,
And its tattered folds tossed on the undulant air;
Its thin gossamer laves immortality's waves,
Then sinks with the terrible death-dread—despair.
Golden gates open wide to the realms glorified—
The Sweet Home of the soul in the bosom of God!
Inspiration's spiced breath the cold waters divide,
And dries the hot tears on the mouldering clod.

Hallelujah arise through the uttermost skies,
For the blessing of Life's intellectual gleams;
Fair Eden's staid cherubim hand to hand tries,
And the flaming swords vanish like zephyr-clad dreams.
Superstition and ignorance sink from the sight,
Intolerance and bigotry hide in their shame;
Idolatry pales to the Truth's living Light,
That blazes from martyr's bright fire-crowns aflame!

Oh, Jesus! dear martyr to Truth's holy fire—
Thy thorn-piercing crown mocks the hypocrite towers,
Whose fingers write bondage most damning and dire
In the face of the pentecost-baptismal powers.
The prayer-echoes rise from thy agonized soul—
"Father, forgive! they know not what they do!"
On thy charity waves will they ceaselessly roll,
Till all human life shall thy sin-healing know.

Now I tickle man's self, and all hearts understand
The worth of Free Thought in its search for "true light,"
Which Jesus declared was the life-light in man,
Which leads him from wrong to the good-loving right.
The mists on the future hang loosely between
Earth's dark changing scenes and vast vistas of bliss;
Already our loved ones returning are seen,
With intensified love and their old-fashioned kiss.

Look up to Life's Soul-Sun—God's infinite Love!
And the light of the Spirit from the turrets of grace
Will show us our life-bonds, our titles above,
Seal-clasped by communion's strong opaline tests.
Know the laws of all nature have a purpose divine—
Death links us to life where his plans are not known;
In the soul of our God, deathless stars we shall shine,
His jewels of Light for Infinitude's crown!

The pure light of the soul in eternity's day
Is felt through all time and vast measureless space;

Immortality's realms own its absolute sway.
Working wonders through changes in all its embrace
While the mystic thought-waves of Forever shall roll,
The sensitive mind its rednings shall feel.
Its powerful radiance precious gems shall unfold,
And the TACTU is the Light that God's glories reveal.
ELLINGTON, N. Y., Oct. 9, 1878.

TESTS WITHOUT TESTING.

To the Editor of the "Voice of Angels":

WHILE at Mrs. Rockwood's, No. 23 East Springfield street, Boston, last Friday afternoon, the Medium being entranced, the Spirit of my late daughter Gertrude spoke and told me how glad she had been made on seeing Mrs. Mary Hull, the Materializing Medium, at Mrs. R.'s, a few days before. After Mrs. Rockwood returned to her normal state, I said, "So you have had Mrs. Hull to see you?" She looked a little surprised, as she answered, "Not that I know of!" Said I, "Don't you know Mrs. Hull?" "No," said Mrs. R., "I never had the pleasure of meeting her, to my knowledge."

On the next day, Saturday, I went to Old Orchard, where Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Hull are staying at the Wentworth Cottage. On my meeting Mrs. Hull, I said, "So you have been to Boston lately?" "Yes," Mrs. H. replied. "And you were at Mrs. Rockwood's?" Mrs. Hull, after endeavoring to evade the question, told me she had, but that for private reasons she wished to keep her visit a secret, and had been especially careful, while in Mrs. Rockwood's presence, to say nothing that might lead her to suspect who she was.

Yesterday evening, (Sunday), I was present, with seven others, at a seance held for materialization, in presence of Mrs. Hull. Among other Spirits that manifested was a beautiful female Spirit, who approached and addressed her attention to Mr. Walter O'Hara, (a gentleman present.) She seemed very anxious that he should observe a bright, star-like gem she wore as a brooch on her bosom. After the Spirit retired, "Molly," the Indian guardian of the Medium, said that the Spirit called herself "Bright-Star."

In commenting on this, Mr. O'Hara said that his guardian Spirit, "Bright-Star," had tried to show herself at the Bliss seances, before their alleged exposure, but had failed in doing so; but had told him subsequently, through some Medium, that she would yet do so, and that he would then know her by a bright star on her breast.

Again, two little children, dressed in white, showed their full forms just within the opened curtain. After they retired, "Molly" told us that there was one other came with them that we did not see. Mrs. Staples, of the Old Orchard House, being present, said that she had recently been told by a Medium, (I think then staying at that hotel,) that when she next went to a materializing seance, there would be two or three little children come to her.

Still again, a very fully-developed, fine-looking female Spirit walked out of the cabinet several different times, and evinced an earnest desire that a gentleman present, by the name of Milligan, should recognize her. Finally, she succeeded, after several endeavors, to approach

near enough for him to recognize her features as those of his lately deceased wife. This seemed to afford the Spirit much pleasure, and with increased strength she approached her husband, and placed one hand on his left shoulder, and the other on his head, after which she kissed him and retired.

"Molly" now spoke, and said it was the gentleman's wife, who wished her to tell him not to be discouraged, but perform all his duties faithfully, and that she would aid him in taking care of the children, with other encouraging words.

Mr. Milligan then told us that he had never before attended a materializing seance, nor any other, until quite recently; when what purported to be his deceased wife's Spirit, told him she would manifest to him, in case he would go to a good materializing seance, and that when she did so, he would know her by her placing one hand on his left shoulder and the other on his head and kissing him.

I have since learned that the gentleman recently lost his wife, and was left in sole charge of four or five motherless children.

Mr. Milligan seemed greatly relieved in spirit after his wife manifested her presence to him, and said that he knew nothing could ever make him doubt her identity hereafter.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

OLD ORCHARD, Aug. 19, 1878.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

THROUGH THE SPIRIT OF SILAS WRIGHT:
DANIEL WEBSTER AND HORACE GREELEY
SEEN IN COUNCIL.

[GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF FLEMINGTON DAGGETT.]

I SEE a man here bowing to us: He says—"Politically, there is a great strife in the future, and it will require the greatest intellects in the world to meet the trouble that is breeding. The party that is now seeking for power must look very closely to the principles which they advocate. If they do not, they will see their mistake. In one sense, they have struck on a principle that would lead to good results. But they are too fast on the main question—the most vital point. An over-issue of currency will be of more detriment to the nation than if there was not a full supply.

Let the Government deposit from two hundred to three hundred millions of silver in their vaults. Then let them issue, say \$400,000,000 of paper currency. That will do the business of the country. If it will not, then increase the amount of silver in the ratio of that in currency, about one-third as much silver or gold, either, as paper. Then you have a government with a solid foundation. With no banking institutions, no business man in the country would wish to draw that money of silver or gold for business purposes.

Then, for one thing, let the Government pay a bounty on all ships that are built over a certain tonnage, either for sailing or steam purposes; so that the carrying trade of our own products can be done by our own commerce.

Then let the Government build a ship-canal from the Lakes, to bring the products of the West to the East—in two locations, if it is advisable. That will ensure a cheap transportation. It will build up new industries, and bring up the West to compete with the East, and will form an alliance between the States better than has before existed.

There are other enterprizes that might be named that would improve the commerce of the country, and which are much needed.

The great point now to be sought for is to bring the people into a more harmonious condition, and a better understanding, politically and socially. The only thing that I can see that will bring about a more harmonious condition is to facilitate enterprizes such as will reimburse all that are concerned in them, from the poor to the rich.

The Government can do all this without a loss; but it wants men of principle to carry it out. If this Government is not placed upon a sound basis financially, her future looks dark. One party is working to the detriment of the other; and unless there is a conciliation between the two, there is danger of an eruption. They should not look for party, but look for principles.

If the leaders of the two parties would meet in convention, and there propound the great principles which will harmonize the people, it seems as though it would be the stepping-stone for a new foundation for this Republic. On the principle—if I may so express it—of a "Peace Congress." If that could be accomplished, this country would teem with life, peace, energy and power, that would exceed anything of the past. All business enterprizes would stir at once. It would give this country and all countries confidence in the new order of things.

SILAS WRIGHT."

["I saw Silas Wright standing between you and me, and on the left was Horace Greeley, on the right Daniel Webster," said the Medium to his amanuensis, Solomon W. Jewett.]

GREEN MOUNTAIN SUMMIT FARM, September, 1878.

WHAT IS THOUGHT?

THE enfranchised Spirit—the disembodied—no longer subject in its manifestation to the demands of the earthly physical, can project itself at will upon the aura of mortals, and by virtue of the power of soul, moving through the commingled auras, the mortal becomes guided and inspired by the immortal.

This aura is finer than electricity, more transparent than air, purer than alabaster.

It pervades all things, surrounds all things. It is not thought, but it is that in which thought dwells—the Spiritual body.

This aura or Spiritual body furnishes a basis—a medium—a channel, up or through which the Divine Mind can and does and must manifest itself. Thought is in itself the same, whether existing in the inanimate clod or in the human brain—whether in man or angel; and only the "manifestation" of thought is diverse in mode, degree, quality.

There could be no thought apparent to us

without the Spirit of God, which transmits (or furnishes a means of transmission) the movings of the Deific mind, and enables these movings to give shape and consistence to the external—thus resulting in forms and identities new and peculiar according to the character of the Divine mental action.

The thought is therefore inherent in the soul of God, and the "manifestation" of thought is what we see in the clouds and whirlwind, rocks and valleys, trees and animals, men and seraphs.

The evolution of thought and its transmission, in and from "disembodied" minds, shall yet usher in the millennial day of "Peace on earth and good will to man."

SPIRIT EXPERIENCES OF JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE,

THE ENGLISH POET, GIVEN BY HIMSELF THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

Not alone were my visits confined to the Temple of Art; although attracted to that place by the laws of sympathy and association, yet my desire to gain knowledge and a comprehension of truth, led me, in company with other inquiring minds, to visit the Spiritual Congress, and to pay marked attention to the learned and honorable body there assembled, who were busily employed in devising schemes for the enlightenment, amelioration and welfare of humanity; to visit the Wisdom Circles, and receive enlightenment upon the laws governing life and its unfoldments; and to visit also our medical colleges and learn of the true method—not of curing disease—but of preventing sickness and preserving health. And I tell you, that humanity on earth have yet to learn more of medical and legal jurisprudence than was ever dreamed of.

But I must draw this narrative to a close. I might go on multiplying my experiences almost *ad infinitum*, had I the time and space; but such has not been my object in coming. I have endeavored to show you how a Spirit, weighed down by its consciousness of misspent days and misapplied powers and energies, bowed down by its load of past wrong-doing and follies, darkened by its work neglected and duties unfulfilled, may be able, by the desire of his own soul, and the aid and sympathy of others, to rise out of his darkened condition into the light, and to work his salvation from sin to righteousness. But it was no easy task. I have not given you an account of all the fiery temptations that assailed me in my search for the better way, or the bitter struggles my soul passed through, ere it became the master.

Through devious ways and tortuous paths the soul must pass, that has done wrong to itself and others; but if it is in earnest in its desire to become better, if it craves strength and aid from the higher powers, if it reaches its aspirations out towards the better, purer, grander life of the Spirit, be sure that it must and shall succeed.

And so, out from the depths of my own experiences, out from the sympathy that my own past life has awakened in my soul for others, out from the light and peace that I have reached through darkness and despair, I stretch my Spirit-hands to those who are struggling in the bonds of sin and woe. I would lift you out of your darkened condition, I would encourage you to struggle on, against the habits that enthrall you; to still strive to reach a better, purer way of living; to fight on against temptation, and be sure, that if you are in earnest in your efforts to resist evil, your soul shall be the victor, and your inner powers for good, and the divine attributes that lie within you will become developed into the expression of an harmonious and a well-nigh perfect life.

I can dimly perceive that away down in the distant future, humanity is to broaden and develop into the perfect type of Angelhood; that the divinest attributes of the soul are yet to govern and control the body; and ignorance, darkness and crime to flee away before the dawning light of knowledge and wisdom; and that human life is to become illuminated with the glory of universal love and harmony.

I can believe that the "good time coming," "the Year of Jubilee," "the Millennium" so long foretold by prophet and seer, so often mentioned in song and story, the poet's dream and the idealist's fancy, is yet to dawn upon the awakened world; when man, become strong through the educators of love and sympathy, made wise by the acquirement of knowledge and the recognition of truth, shall recognize all humans as his brothers and sisters, shall learn that war is a crime against the human family, and tyranny, injustice and oppression sins against the Holy Ghost. Then shall man fraternize together, and nations sit down in universal peace. I believe that the human form is yet to bear the stamp and impress of all that is lovely and divine.

I was with a friend at a convocation of Spirits; there were gathered together a large throng of refined, intelligent beings, each one marked with a beauty all his or her own. I amused myself by comparing

the different individuals with the beautiful forms in nature which they reminded me of, and the resemblance—so to speak—was so marked, that I called my friend's attention by remarking:

"Did you ever observe that there is a certain resemblance between humanity and the forms of Nature? For instance, yonder lady, with her pure, white face, daintily-carved features, and lithe, willowy form, reminds me of nothing but a stately garden lily, shimmering with whiteness; and that laughing, rosy-checked sprite beside her, with her rounded form and well-developed features, is very like the royal blush rose of Summer."

"Very true," replied my friend; "and over there you note the speaker; does not his massive frame, well-proportioned limbs, lofty brow and shining features, remind you of some mighty boulder, uprearing its head with a consciousness of might and grandeur?"

"He does, indeed; the shadow of a great rock in a weary land; and just beside him rests one whose tall, straight form, beneficent looks, and air of protectiveness, calls to mind the forest tree with its ample provision of kindly shade and shelter."

And so we went on, drawing our comparisons; one, with her calm, benignant smile, and the wealth of love and sympathy welling up from her nature and expressing itself in the depths of her shining eyes, we likened to the smiling, open sea, flowing over with its wealth, and watering and refreshing the earth. Another, who was bubbling over with repressed merriment and joy, we likened to the laughing, gurgling streamlet, that overleaps all bounds, and speeds along its way. One, with his majestic form replete with vital force, with a look of concentrated determination in his face, and an expression of energetic power impressed upon him, reminded us of the ocean, mighty in its majesty and power. One shone like the sun, another sparkled like a sunbeam; one brought an air of refreshing coolness with her, another glowed and glimmered like the autumn days.

"The fact of it is," said my friend, "all that there is good and beautiful in Nature is personified and individualized, so to speak, in the higher types of humanity. All the richness and splendor of creation culminates its grandest expression in the human form; and when Spirituality has ripened and developed the soul, its outer tenement will become so harmonized with the natural life of creation, so blended with the external manifestations of God,

so at one with him, that it will become permeated with his life, and reflect all the beauty and fragrance, all the grace and symmetry of his works. Do you understand?"

I did, but I know not that I make it comprehensible to mortals. Suffice it to say, that I believe the day is coming when each soul shall grow so into harmony with the laws of life, that it will reflect upon its outward form only the beautiful and good.

Before closing this paper, let me inform you that I had not returned to Spirit-Life but a short time ere I again met my former friend and teacher, "Benja, the missionary." The sage was engaged in his favorite employment—assisting those souls in need of aid. He had just met with one like myself, who was plunged in the depths of despair because of what he had done. My friend could not convince him that there was hope for him beyond the grave, and he was glad of my arrival, as a living illustration of repentance and reformation outside the body.

The pleasure of our meeting was mutual, and after we had clasped hands together, we proceeded to instruct the poor benighted Spirit. At first, he could not believe that I too had been like himself; but when I had repeatedly assured him of the fact, he seemed to take heart, and a gleam of hope lighted up his features.

The sage placed him amid favorable surroundings, and I subsequently learned that he became a better man. Since that time I have frequently sought the company of the missionary, and always with profit to myself. He has been an invaluable guide to me, in my search for knowledge; and he has lifted my Spirit up into a freer, purer atmosphere.

Spirit-Life is full of these workers, and through their efforts, combined with the wishes of sin-sick souls to become better, do we look for the redemption of the race.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

SENSITIVENESS is the necessary accompaniment of conscientiousness. It is this which enables us to put ourselves in others' places. The very sensitiveness which makes a man thin-skinned is that which makes him enter into the feelings of his friend. He who is not sensitive is not good for much in the way of friendship.—*Liberal Christian*.

A **PHILOSOPHER** says: "I never yet heard a man or woman much abused that I was not inclined to think the better of them, and transfer any suspicion or dislike to the person who appeared to take a delight in pointing out the defects of a fellow creature.

A FRAGMENT.

[THE following lines are handed to us by Mr. Frederick E. Partington, a student at Brown University. They were given to him at a book stall in the little footy town of Llan-alby, Wales, four years since. The writer, a strange-looking, shy, reticent girl of eighteen or nineteen years, was pointed out to him by the bookseller, as "a dreamer," and the village folks called her crazy. The verses were written in 1868, when she could not have been more than sixteen years of age. Considering the place, the time and the author, we think the lines remarkable. We believe they have never before been published in this country.—*Golden Rule*.]

They cry: "He comes—
The signs are sure—all lands are armed for war—
The mystic number is fulfilled—He comes!"

We answer: Oh, that he would come! We want
The Christ! We want a God to burn the truth
Afresh upon the forehead of the world!
We want a Man to walk once more among
The wrangling Pharisees, to drive the beasts
And money-mongers from the temple courts;
To bring the Gospel back again, and prove
How all unlike the Churches are to Christ!
We want that Christ again to tell the "sinners"
Their sins: that they were sent to bless the poor,
And they have sold themselves unto the rich;
That they were sent to preach the works of peace,
And they have filled the world with war of words;
That they were sent the messengers of love,
And they have driven love out of their creeds;
That they were sent to teach men not to lie,
Nor tremble when their duty led to death!
Oh, for the Christ again! He—He would dare
To tell the Churches how they lie and cant,
And talk of serving God—and serve themselves;
And talk of saving souls—to save their "cause;"
And pare and narrow God's divinest truth,
Until a man can hardly be a man
And member of a Church.

Already Christ is coming. Hear ye not
The footfalls of the Lord?—He tramples down
The cruel hedges men have built about
The gate that leads to heaven. He rends the creeds,
And gives their tatters to the merry winds.
He does not come, as bigots prophecy,
To choose a handful and to damn the rest,
To found a Jewish-Gentile kingdom here,
And roll the world into the past again.
He comes the Spirit of a riper Age,
When all that is not good or true shall die;
When all that's bad in custom, false in creed,
And all that makes the poor and mars the man,
Shall pass away forever. Yes, He comes
To give the world a passion for the truth,
To inspire us with a holy human love,
To make us sure that, ere a man can be
A saint, he first must be a man.

UPWARD.

We cannot rise by sense alone,
By what we touch and see and feel,
By levers of the daily meal—
Senses are footstools round a throne;

And be these held by blinded slaves,
Who see above no higher seats,
Contented with their lowly seats,
Circling like bats in starless caves,

The service of the throne doth fall,
Shaken the king by earthly fears,
His eyes ne'er moist with rathful tears,
His upper lights distract and pale.

The blinded slaves are guilty gleeds,
Dumb larks of flesh and pelf and power,
Gross appetites unblest, that lour
To seize and chain the higher needs.

Unblinded they must run; and then
Slaves they will cease to be, and rise
To bless and to be blest, with eyes
Bright visionary with higher ken.

G. H. Calvert.

"WHERE I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul—
The Mind's the standard of the man."

PRECIOUS things in art as in nature, are seldom spontaneous, but require growth and deliberation beyond the germ.

THE DAWN OF MORNING.

BY MRS. A. M. CARVER, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

NATURE! how full of beauty art thou!
The dawn of day giving hope to all,
Fresh blooming flowers springing into
life to give pleasure to the sad and droop-
ing souls of humanity, bidding earth's
children to look up and praise the Great
Eternal One, the Giver of all good. The
glorious sun now rising and gilding hill-
top and glen with its golden hue, a type
of the beauty of the spheres beyond,
where all thy children shall meet in har-
mony and sit at the feast with the eternal
Father. From hill-top to glen doth the
god of day journey, omitting no place.
All, from the highest to the lowest, have a
touch of his brightness. Gradually he
bids adieu to everything—the stately
mountain, the little floweret growing at
our feet. Now behind the hill-tops he
hides his beaming face. He who has given
light, warmth and strength to earth's chil-
dren through the day, has sunken beneath
the western hills. As the western horizon
is still tinged with the receding rays of the
god of day, the silvery light of the lovely
moon comes to light the darkness of night,
and silently whispers, "God is good."
And while earth's children are wrapped in
sleep, the never-tiring moon looks down
upon them, as a fond mother watches the
loved ones of her household. Oh, god
of night! may I learn from thee to live a
life of quietness and love, and though I
cannot shine with thy brightness, enable
me to give forth rays like the gentle moon-
beams; or, at least, may my conversation
be like the little twinkling stars, who give
some light when both sun and moon are
not seen; for the light of even a little star
may guide some lonely wanderer back to
the fold, where he will be received with
joy by the good shepherd.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Aug. 30, 1878.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CONDITIONS FOR SPIRIT-MANIFESTATIONS.

WE are frequently told that conditions are not favorable; and in certain quarters this word of deepest significance has come to be odious as applied to phenomena; that is to say, they [the investigators] want all the conditions on their own side, and will grant to the Spirits none. Yet Spiritual conditions are essential to Spiritual manifestations. Now, what are these conditions? Is it enough that a Medium be present, that a circle be formed, that a vast amount of singing be done, and that harmony be preserved?—by which is meant, as a rule, that there shall be no

outward disturbance. However important the above conditions may seem, I take it that they cut almost no figure—except the first, the medial presence—in determining Spiritual phenomena. There are still seeds in the baskets of the Spiritual sowers for which no soil is prepared.

F. F. COOK.

"WEST INGLE"

BEGs leave to inform her friends that she is again in condition to answer all messages and letters sent her. The past three months have been spent in seeking health and Spiritual Truth. She now will attend to her duties; and all who have sent letters, and are awaiting communications, will please address her again, stating particulars, as many letters have not reached her, owing to family opposition. All letters will be cheerfully answered. Those who have sent the required fee, need not send money in their letters of inquiry, as all will have their just due; and if possible, messages from their loved ones who have passed to "the other shore."

It is well known that Mediums have all kinds of crosses to bear. Possibly there are none heavier than those found in one's own household. I have overcome many obstacles in the way of my Spiritual faith. Family and friends are all bound by church-creeds, and think they are doing right to throw barriers in the way; and have even done worse. But my faith is unshaken; my Spirit-power grows stronger daily; and now I desire all my friends to send me letters; they shall be promptly attended to. Those who have not received messages, please inform me, and they shall be seen to immediately, and without extra charge. Right is might with

"WEST INGLE."

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

THE closing scene in the life of John Randolph of Roanoke, is hardly less pathetic than tragic, and is in harmony with the strange incidents of his whole career.

He now made his preparations to die. He directed John to bring him his father's breast-button; he then directed him to place it on the bosom of his shirt. It was an old-fashioned, large-sized gold stud. John placed it in the bosom-hole of his shirt-bosom; but to fix it completely required a hole on the opposite side. "Get a knife," said he, "and cut one." A napkin was called for, and placed by John over his breast. For a short time he lay perfectly quiet, with his eyes closed. He suddenly roused up and exclaimed "Remorse! Remorse!" It was thrice repeated, the last time at the top of his voice, with great agitation. He cried out, "Let me see the word. Get a dictionary. Let me see the word." "There is none in the room, sir." "Write it down, then; let me see the word." The doctor picked up one of his cards. "Randolph of Roanoke, shall I write on this card?" "Yes; nothing more proper." The word "remorse" was then written in pencil. He

took the card in a hurried manner, and fastened his eyes on it with great intensity. "Write on the back," he exclaimed. It was done, and handed him again. He was extremely agitated. "Remorse! You have no idea what it is; you can form no idea of it whatever. It has contributed to bring me to my present situation; but I have looked to the Lord Jesus Christ, and hope I have obtained pardon. Now let John take your pencil and draw a line under the word"; which was accordingly done. "What am I to do with the word?" inquired the doctor. "Put it in your pocket; take care of it; when I am dead look at it."—*Home Reminiscences of John Randolph of Roanoke*, by Powhatan Bouldin, Boston.

TO THE MEDIUM.

LIKE Mary of old, thou hast chosen the better way. Wisdom guide thee in thy course. Whispering voices bid thee rejoice. The soul's freedom is above earth value. With time's course, the chariot-wheels of progress will scatter gems of priceless value on many seeking knowledge of the Great Beyond. Oh, Eternal Father, we thank thee for the beautiful lessons given to thy instruments in earth-life, who will with sympathetic love assist weary, anxious souls, seeking the light of thy wisdom. Guide and strengthen thy servants, through whom thou wouldst bring knowledge to those who now sit in darkness, pining for one ray of light divine. Let them feel, we pray thee, thine ever-present power to bless and strengthen them in the right, and pour upon their wounded souls the sweet spirit of trust. Awaken the sleeping world to a sense of the reality that all must work out their own salvation; and unto thee be ascribed all praise evermore.

Mrs. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

EVERY MAN GREAT.—Every man, in every condition, is great. It is only our own diseased sight which makes him little. A man is great as a man, be he where or what he may. The grandeur of his nature turns to insignificance all outward distinctions. His power of intellect, of conscience, of love, of knowing God, of perceiving the beautiful, of acting on his own mind, on outward nature, and on his fellow-creatures—these are glorious prerogatives. Through the vulgar error of undervaluing what is common, we are apt, indeed, to pass these by as of little worth.

Grandeur of character lies wholly in force of soul—that is, in the force of thought, moral principle and love.

It is force of thought which measures moral greatness—that highest of human endowments, that brightest manifestation of the Divinity.—*William Ellery Channing.*

WOMEN have never written the "Iliad," nor the "Æneid," nor have they built a Parthenon; but it is on their knees that men are formed.—*Mme. Garcin in her Speech in the Ladies' Congress, Paris.*

NEVER put pen to paper in a passion.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SUPERNAL GUESTS.

BY DR. D. AMMONS DAVIS.

When a sacred flame is kindled
Brilliant o'er the earthly sky,
Angel hosts are active in it,
For we see them passing by;—

Sense that high and holy mission
On which angels are intent,
Striving to awaken mortals
As if they were heaven-sent.

Then the question, how to meet them?
How to greet them face to face?
How to hold the radiant angels
Calmly in our soul's embrace?

Ah, methinks some preparation,
Such as mortals seldom make,
Will be found to be essential
Ere that heavenward step we take!

We shall need some fitting raiment,
Need some garments pure and white,
Suited to go forth and meet them,
When they come within our sight.

We shall need the robes around us
That betoken noble deeds,
Far removed from fashion's follies
And the priestly garb of eccles.

Quickly, then, oh, fellow-mortals,
At the star-beams early dawn,
Let us be prepared and ready,
Lest we wait, and they are gone.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

OUR HOME ABOVE.

BY C. J. WHITMAN.

I WILL sing you a song of the land of love,
That happy, beautiful home above,
Where there are pleasures forever more,
And endless joys for the soul in store.

Here are fairest flowers of every hue,
Rich with fragrance and gemmed with dew,
And beautiful birds with plumage gay
Warble sweet songs to us alway.

Here all is harmonious, sweet and fair,
For love and beauty are seen everywhere;
Our pain and afflictions all are o'er,
The morning has dawned and the night is no more.

'Tis love that makes us happy here—
"The perfect love that casts out fear,"
That love for all which Christ did show
In doing good to friend and foe.

In helping others our souls are blest,
And thus we will find a peaceful rest,
That brings us nearer the life of God,
Who sheds his blessings on all abroad.

Oh, may each mortal this lesson learn,
Its radiant truth their souls discern—
That while we care for another's woes,
Our weary spirits find sweet repose.

TREES AND RAINFALL.—At a scientific discussion in England, a gentleman from Santa Cruz, West Indies, said that twenty years ago that island was a rich and ever-blooming garden. Forests adorned the hills, trees were clustered freely over the plains, and rains were never wanting for the abundant production. The island is twenty-five miles long, and the soil is all fertile. Now the hills are bare, and the trees of the plain have been mostly cut down. Continuous drouths have desolated one-third of the island, and year by year desolation advances. Soon the whole island is doomed to become a desert. Official papers agree in attributing this scourge to the reckless waste of timber and the neglect to repair the forests.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., NOV. 1, 1878.

REMOVAL.

The VOICE OF ANGELS, formerly issued at 5 Dwight street, Boston, will hereafter be published at Fair View House, North Weymouth, Mass. All letters and papers, to secure attention, must be directed as above, to

D. C. DENSMORE.

N. B.—In remitting by mail, a Post Office Money-Order on Boston, or a draft on some bank or banking house in Boston, payable to the order of the undersigned, is preferable to bank-notes, for the reason that should the draft or order be lost, it could be renewed without loss.

D. C. DENSMORE,

Editor "Voice of Angels."

NOTE.—Letters sent to 5 Dwight street, prior to this notice, from our patrons and subscribers, will be forwarded.

EDITORIAL.

SUICIDE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

A FEW days since, we received a letter from one of our patrons, asking us to give our opinion upon the effects suicide would have upon the Spirit after it left its material form; saying she had entertained serious thoughts of severing the cord that held the Spirit to the body, by doing which she thought she could rid herself of the untoward circumstances and severe vicissitudes that now surrounded her.

To our mind, all life is sacred, and should not be prematurely destroyed, nor its natural functions tampered with; because the building up of material forces, the developement and outgrowth of the crude matter towards perfectibility of completeness, is nature's grandest law. Afterwards come disintegration and decay, which, however, ought to be brought about only through the slow process of time, acting upon the material after it has performed all its functions, which is a necessary step to commence the great work of eternal progression.

Self-preservation is implanted in every child at birth, as is seen in the tiny infant stretching out its helpless hands to those about for succor and assistance. It is therefore incumbent upon every soul to so care for and strengthen his or her physical system that it can attain its highest development of health and the greatest vigor of growth, thus fitting it to remain strong

until the advancement of old age carries it down naturally and beautifully to the tomb.

The Spirit was placed in a physical body to perform a certain mission; to develop and unfold certain attributes within itself, and to gain certain experiences necessary for its higher growth in the Spirit-world; and he or she who does aught to destroy its earthly tenement, or in any way prevents it from performing its natural functions, just so surely rob their own spirit of a part of its rightful possessions, despoil themselves of part of their heritage of to be acquired knowledge and experience, the sad consequences of which as a necessity they must feel for a longer or shorter time in the after life.

It is true that at times affliction, want and despair strike so heavily upon the toiling, wearied spirit that life becomes a burden, seemingly too heavy to be borne, and under the pressure of untoward circumstances reason becomes dethroned, when the disordered mind determines to end its physical existence. Hence suicide follows as a to be expected sequence.

In our opinion, no suicidal act was ever committed by one in his right mind. A temporary derangement of the brain, and consequently the nervous system, must exist before the party is driven to commit the fatal deed. And it is a question with us how far the party is responsible for the rash act, if committed when his mind is unbalanced. Our opinion, however, is, that he is responsible for any other act, whether committed in ignorance or not. There is a higher law than human or earthly, governing and guiding every soul to higher conditions, wherever it may be; and this law determines that if we do violence to our natures, we must suffer the penalty attached to it, great or small.

For instance, we all know that it is wrong to do evil against another; we know we have no right to harm our neighbor in any way. Now suppose you should do your neighbor an injury, although it might have been unintentionally, yet when you find out how much and to what extent you have injured him, would you not grieve over the thoughtless act, and strive to make reparation if possible? Just so is it with the suicide: when the dark mantle that obscured his sight has fallen from his eyes, and he lands in Spirit-life, he finds to his horror, that he has lost a part of the experiences and knowledge he should have attained in mundane life. When he realizes this, he sees what a great injury he has wrought his own spirit, which causes intense sorrow, and sad feel-

ings of remorse over his great mistake, and he feels anxious to retrieve it, if possible, constantly regretting that he did not continue to bear the burdens and storms of mortality, until in its own good time it would slide away from him quietly and naturally. Realizing the sad condition in which he finds himself, and its cause, he determines to warn others of the folly of thinking they can, by such a course, shake off the responsibilities laid upon them by the bullet or poisonous cup.

This is the fate and experience of the suicide after he enters the world of causes. But as sure as Infinite Love and Wisdom reigns, just so sure has it made provision for the needs and necessities of every soul; for there is an avenue of salvation for even the Spirit who has taken his mortal life: instruction, guidance and tender sympathy are extended to him, and he is taught how to outgrow his one-sided position, to work out his own redemption, and to attain at last perfect completeness of life.

After the suicide finds out the great mistake he has made in taking his own life by his own hands, and the consequences resulting therefrom, he naturally sets about warning others to beware how they tamper with physical life, lest they destroy the only ladder by which they are to rise to peace and happiness.

One word more, and we are done. It will be well for mortals not to forget that there are other ways of destroying life besides the ball, the cup of poison, rope, knife, or a plunge into the water. Thousands upon thousands are just as surely destroying their lives by imprudence, neglect, dissipation in eating and drinking, and overworking, as he who ties the fatal knot or lifts the cup of poison to his lips. Hence by so doing they are robbing their Spirits of their rightful heritage, and some day they, too, will regret their folly and mistakes.

A word to those in mortal, who may have dear ones sent into Spirit-Life by their own hands. We would say, be comforted; for although it is true your unfortunate friends must sorrow for a time, because of their suicidal deed, yet it is not without hope. A loving Father, who knoweth their needs, has them all in his keeping, and will provide for their necessities, and in love will bring each Spirit out of its sad condition, however dark and dreary it may be, into the perfect light of the higher spheres.

ERRATA.—On page 233, in our last issue, first column, seventh line, the word "Spiritualists" should read "Spirit-Artists."

NOTICE TO OUR PATRONS.

HAVING been very ill, and much occupied in moving into our new quarters at North Weymouth, it is possible some of our patrons may not have received their papers. If there are any such, by dropping a postal to that effect, I will forward.

PUBLISHER.

N. B.—This notice is also intended to apply to those of our correspondents whose recent favors have not received due attention.

NOTICE.

WE would call the attention of invalids to the fact that M. T. SHELHAMER has resumed her office-hours for receiving patients at 89 K street, South Boston, as per advertisement on the last page. We advise all who are afflicted with the diseases of which she makes a specialty to give her a call, as she is considered by those who have tried her powers for diagnosing disease to be the best Medical Clairvoyant in the world today.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
SEPT. 29, 1878,
THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

OUR father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; may thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth even as it is in heaven. Give unto each soul each day its needed food, not only of that staff of life that sustains and strengthens the physical, but of that Spiritual manna that nourishes and refreshes the Spirit through all its seasons of trial and perplexity.

Oh, our Father, we pray thee, feed thy lambs, that not any one shall hunger or thirst. Forgive our sins even as we forgive those who trespass against us. Leave us not in temptation, but give unto every soul strength and courage to resist evil and to strive to do good. For great is thy power, and thy glory forever more.

NELLIE SMITH.

I DON'T know much about this, but I heard if I came here, I could send a letter to my mother and father and all I love.

My father's name is Zoeth Smith. He lives in Charlestown, Bunker Hill District. I went away in April, and somehow I feel so weak, just as I did then. But I do want to comfort my mother; I do want her to feel I am with her, bringing her and all, my love; and that I see them, just as I used to. I want to tell them what a beautiful home I have got; and every one is so kind. I have grown strong there, too, and I'll never be sick nor weak any more, as I would if I had stayed here.

And, oh, darling mother, I am waiting for you, for each one I love, over there where there is no crying, nor pain, and where all are happy. Oh, if you will only believe your Nellie speaks to you, I will be so thankful.

I am sixteen years old.

[Direct to Zoeth Smith, Charlestown, Mass.]

PAULINA L. CARR.

I AM not acquainted with this, but I was told if I came here I could send a word to my family—a word of love, of hope and cheer; a word that shall tell them of life—immortal life beyond the grave; a word that shall assure them of the friendship and sympathy of dear ones who await them in the Heavenly-World.

I come because my love encompasses all life, all beauty, all joy of heaven, and leads me back to those I left on earth scarcely seven months ago. I come to lead them to light and truth, if possible, and to point my husband's feet to the better land, to tell him that by-and-by changes will come that will bless and sustain him.

My name is Paulina L. Carr. I am from Concord, New Hampshire. Please send my letter to Edwin P. Carr, Concord, N. H. I was thirty-two. Thank you.

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

I COME, good friends, tonight, to return the friendly greeting wafted me from such kindred souls in mortal as D. Ambrose Davis, Sister Pardee, and others, and to extend the hand of fraternal fellowship unto them and all humanity.

I also desire to return the friendly greeting of that Ashtonian lad, Brother Schofield, of far-off Utah. It is indeed a pleasure to me to receive a word from one familiar with the early haunts and scenes of my own career, and it is with a heart full of gladness that I stretch out my hands to my brother, and say, I greet you with joy and blessing. Anything that savors of lang syne is pleasant to me, and a voice from Utah rings with the melody awakened by never-to-be-forgotten scenes and incidents.

I feel that I owe it to the public to explain my presence here, and how I first happened to control this Medium. I would say, that in early life, comparatively speaking, I met with the present chairman of this circle—himself somewhat of a poet, and also possessed of a mind competent to criticise, condemn, or admire the productions of poetical souls. I am glad he is absent tonight, as he might object to this statement. He be-

came somewhat interested in me, and we formed a Spiritual affinity that has survived death and physical separation. We lost sight of each other, but after my first experiences in Spirit-Life, I determined to visit America, and by the law of Spirit-affinity, was attracted to a circle held by this Medium, then a young girl in her teens. My long-time friend, R. Anderson, was present. I immediately re-attached the links of sympathy binding us together, and gave him Spirit greeting. Since that time, some six years, I have become a frequent visitor to this place, meeting my friend and holding social converse with him. I do not always need to control the Medium for that purpose, as my friend is both clairvoyant and clairaudient, and it sometimes pleases me to enter the sphere of his Spiritual aura, and converse with him in the Lancashire dialect, and it seems to bring me nearer home and friends.

Such was the cause of my becoming attached to this circle, and the indirect means of placing me in connection with the VOICE OF ANGELS. With fraternity of greeting towards all, and love for humanity, I remain your co-worker,

J. CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

MESSAGES GIVEN OCTOBER 7, 1878.

MINNIE HOYT.

MY name is Minnie Hoyt. I have been in Spirit-Life ten years. I was seven years old. I'd like to have my friends know what a blessed life the future is, and how glorious the truth that the Spirits live and can commune with mortals. I am more than satisfied. Yes, I can say all was for the best, now. I did not give up home and friends as I feared; but I found life, love and eternal peace. I came from Detroit.

EMILY THORNTON.

I BELONG in Worcester. I was fourteen years old. It seems a long time to me since I went away; but I want my name to be printed, so that everybody will know I didn't die. My name is Emily Thornton. I had a very sore throat. I am happy now.

MARY ELIZA BEALS.

How do you do? Folks may think strange at my coming here, but I'd like to know why, of all places in the world, this is not the best place I can come to? There's plenty of my friends in Boston and Salem that I would like to meet and talk with; but anyway I'll send them word from here that I am looking around, and not by any means dead yet. There

are those who think my mouth is closed, but I intend to speak whenever I like.

Now let me tell you every one, this life's a good thing, but you've all got to live over your past, and it will be unpleasant for some, I think. I know I did not always do as I should, but I did the best I could, and I don't know as I would do any different if I was here again. Mediums have a hard row to hoe, anyhow, and it's a wonder they get on as well as they do.

I passed away at San Francisco six years ago last December. I have been there today—up Howard street and into Dashaway Hall. Well, do tell my friends that Mrs. Mary Eliza Beals can still speak for herself, and that she sends kind regards to every one, hoping to shake hands with some of 'em, over yonder.

I haven't been to a Boston Circle that compares with mine, yet. I used to know this little bit of a Medium years ago. I am glad she is in the work, though it is very hard.

DR. PETER RENTON.

GOOD evening, friends. I am not here to identify myself to any one in particular, but to address myself to my friends at large. My immediate family being in the Higher-Life with me, where we are united in one harmonious family, each one having his or her own peculiar likes, tastes and habits, which are unmolested by the others, I have no need to trouble myself about identification; but my son, Dr. George, and my daughter, Christie, desire me to send their love to all friends.

It is years since I passed away, but there are those still remaining in Boston, Gloucester and elsewhere, who will remember me; and up in Concord, N. H., the dear old town where I passed so many years in the early part of my professional career, there is one who wishes for a word from me through this channel.

I passed away with disease of the throat, chest and lungs, superinduced by carelessness, I regret to say. I had a bad habit of muffling my throat in the professional fur collar, which I threw off one day, after using it daily for some time. The result was a severe cold, which produced disease and death. Now, I would say to you, as one giving medical advice, never muffle your throats in cold weather; get used to travelling with bare necks. The chest and lungs should be protected, but the throat needs no more covering than the face, at least only a fleecy zephyr should be permitted by the ladies.

Many a robust man has caught his death by too much bundling of the throat.

If you want to be free from cold and the danger of catching cold, bathe your face, throat, back of neck, behind the ears, in cold water every morning the year round. If a portion of salt is added to the water, so much the better. This is Nature's preventative, and rarely or never fails.

I thank you for your kind attention, and am grateful for the privilege of returning. With greeting to friends everywhere, I remain DR. PETER RENTON.

JOSHUA LORING.

I HAVE not much to say. I accompanied the gentleman who just passed on to this place. I have been a resident of the other life but comparatively a few days; therefore can only attest to the fact of a continued existence and the truth of Spirit-return. I am from East Marshfield, Mass. I am about sixty-six years of age.

If this should meet the eye of my friend, I shall be happy to come again. I am Joshua Loring.

MESSAGES GIVEN OCTOBER 13, 1878.

ALICE.

I DON'T wish to give my name, sir, because of those still living, who think me safely buried away from sight and sound; but I would speak to the people. I was not considered very good, but I think if I had had a fair chance, I might have become so. [You will have it now. The angels will help you.]

I have only been gone a little while. I went away from Rhode Island. I find that the angels are more charitable and kind than the people here, and God don't judge as harshly as I was told. But I come tonight, not only to get a little strength, but to talk to the mothers, the parents, and the brothers and sisters of earth; to tell them to judge each other kindly. They cannot know the temptations, the struggles, and the secret bitter repentance, of their erring ones. Do not cast them off; cling to them; cherish them as you would a sick child, for their souls are sick within them; counsel and advise them, and finally assist them to retrace their steps, and to become pure and good; for, oh, if the nearest and dearest disown and despise you, where will you turn for salvation and strength? And so I come, asking no pity for myself, but entreating you to cast no stone at another; to do nothing that will sink a fellow-being further down into the abyss of sin.

[This Spirit came very sad. The chair-man talked sympathetically to her until she felt relief.] Thank you, sir; I feel comforted. Please call me Alice.

MARTHA G. BOWMAN.

How do you do? Emma said Father would like to get a letter from me, and so I came. [Yes, you can give your letter.] Thank you.

Dear father, it will soon be two years since I left you to go to the beautiful Summer-Land, and I am so glad, because everything is so lovely here, and the people are all so kind, and the doctor says if I had lived, I'd never been strong. I do come to you sometimes, father, and you kind of feel as though I was with you, too, and when you go where there is some strange Medium, I'm going to try to come. I went down to see Freddie the other day, and I am so glad he is getting large and strong. He kind of wanted to come to Boston when Billy did, but we wouldn't let him. I go to see Lizzie, too, sometimes; but I can't come very close. The Spirits say she'll have to be careful and get stronger inside, or she'll all run down. I'd like to send my love to them all. I wish I could see Mrs. Vergin and Mr. Burnham, and the Sunday school class. I'd like to talk to them. I wanted to finish the motto real bad. It was to be a sort of a present; but I don't care now.

Oh, father, I went with you when you took me out of the tomb and put me into the pretty place. Wasn't it awful gloomy down there? I'm glad I am out where the flowers are. You felt kind of queer, didn't you, father? and a serious feeling came, too. The Spirits were all around, then. You wanted to look at my face real bad; but I guess it's just as well. I hope some time I can come to some Medium who never heard of me, and talk to you; then I guess I'll tell you things that nobody else will hear.

I only come this time to let you know I'm getting along nicely. I don't live with any relations yet; but every one is kind. I see my little sister every day. She is pretty big now. I send my love; and grandfather says he'll help you to get along, if he can. He says the Spirits raise up friends for you in unexpected ways, sometimes.

Your affectionate daughter,

MARTHA G. BOWMAN.

[Please tell the printer to send this to Mr. J. G. Bowman, 7 Spring Lane, Boston, Mass.]

JAMES D. STONE.

How do you do, sir? how do you do? [Quite well; how do you do?] Well, pretty good, now. It's two years last July since I passed up higher, and I have become sound of chest and lung ever since then.

My name is James D. Stone, and I passed away from Brookfield, Missouri. I would like to send a happy greeting to my friends there, and to tell them that I landed safe and sound on the golden shore. I was not disappointed in any sense; only gratified and astonished, and the welcome of dear ones was delightful. I come to send love and assurance that all are remembered.

When I lived in Fitchburg, I used to talk with an old friend about this, promising if I passed away first, I would come back, if I could. When I was ill, I made the same promise to one dear to me. Now that I have reported, I may come back again. I will be fifty-six the middle of next month. You are engaged in a good work, and must be blessed.

EDWARD WHITEMORE.

WELL, this is comfortable. I do feel happy tonight, and I'm glad to meet you and the angels.

I used to live in Boston long ago. I was pretty well-to-do, then; but I lost what I had, and since then have buffeted about somewhat, until I became so reduced that I knew I must either work at anything or beg. So I got me a brush, and went to blacking boots, and as I used to sing over my work and over my lot, I was called the singing boot-black. Well, I knew I had not cheated any one, and why shouldn't I sing? I'm singing yet.

You may call me Edward Whitemore. I fell dead last winter; but I've found life. I think there are those in New York who will know me. I wasn't very old, not a great deal over fifty.

Well, I've come to add my testimony, and to say that life is beautiful, after all.

INVOCATION.

INFINITE FATHER! Let us grasp Divine Truth, that we may lay hold of the hand of wisdom, and with its electric working fill the mind. God of the universe, in thee is centered all our aspirations; to thee we would ever bow in adoration, seeking avenues through which the mandates of thy will may be fulfilled. Make plain the path of life with the light of thy wisdom; and as a beacon-star guides the mariner over the waste of waters, so may that light guide us to the haven where is anchored our faith. And to thee be all praise forever. Amen.

Mrs. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

To be pure-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat, and of sleep, and of exercise, is one of the best precepts of long-lasting.—*Bacon.*

PRAYERS are but the body of the bird; desires are its angel wings.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

A LITTLE pause in life, while daylight lingers
Between the sunset and the pale moonrise,
When daily labor slips from weary fingers,
And soft gray shadows veil the aching eyes.

Old perfumes wander back from fields of clover,
Seen in the light of stars that long have set;
Beloved ones, whose earthly toll is over,
Draw near, as if they lived among us yet.

Old voices call me; through the dusk returning,
I hear the echo of departed feet;
And then I ask, with vain and troubled yearning,
What is the charm that makes old things so sweet?

Must the old joys be evermore withheld?
Even their memory keeps me pure and true;
And yet, from our Jerusalem the Golden
God speaketh, saying, "I make all things new."

"Father," I cry, "the old must still be nearer;
Stifle my love, or give me back the past!
Give me the fair old earth, whose paths are dearer
Than all thy shining streets and mansions vast."

Pence, pence—the Lord of earth and heaven knoweth
The human soul in all its bent and strife;
Out of his throne no stream of Lethe floweth,
But the clear river of eternal life.

He giveth life—aye, life in all its sweetness!
Old loves, old sunny scenes will he restore;
Only the curse of sin and incompleteness
Shall taint thine earth and vex thine heart no more.

Serve him in daily work and honest living,
And faith shall lift thee to his sunlit heights;
Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanksgiving
Fill the calm hour that comes between the lights.
Sunday Magazine.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

"WEST INGLE'S" DEPARTMENT.

OLIVER HIGBEE TO HIS SON, DANIEL HIGBEE, M. D.

My dear son Daniel, I desire to speak with you for a little time, and give you a word of cheer connected with your profession as a physician, and also to tell you how glad I am that you are fulfilling the earnest and noble promise your nature gave in boyhood. I knew you must develop into something beyond a "man of straw," and I have watched your course eagerly.

Now, Dan, my dear boy, you are all right. I have consulted some of your guides in regard to your future usefulness, and find that you are now entering the avenue leading to a field where only the true can, and make better the human family. You are pushing your investigations to the uttermost limits of the laws of Nature; you are learning that disease may be controlled by natural powers; you are getting where you exercise an opinion of your own; and your opinion is remarkable for judgment and truth, and will in time hold mental control over many of our best friends.

Your family are all progressing in the right direction. Your wife's friends are soon to communicate with her again.

Keep on with your investigations, as progress will be gained as truth is revealed. Do all you can for those dear to me. Some of them are wilfully blind, and would as soon think of calling on St. Paul

for advice as asking of your old father whether thought would aid them.

I tell you, Daniel, better days are dawning. Truth will be triumphant at last.

When you see me face to face, you will know Oliver Higbee has manifested to his children in a manner characteristic of him. I never gave up without a struggle, and will not now.

My son, I give you and yours and all whom I love my tenderest blessing.

Affectionately, your father,

OLIVER HIGBEE.

THADIE MAY.

I AM Thadie May. I want to come and speak a word. I am nobody's boy in particular; but I know who is good; and Tunie Densmore says I am her adopted brother, because I am nobody's brother.

I had a mother; I know who she is. She is rich and great, but she didn't want children, and wouldn't let me live on the earth; so she took medicine and sent me here before I was wanted.

I can just tell my father and mother that they made a mistake. They will want me when they come here, but I will not want them. I have found friends, and good ones, too; and grandpa says I might have been a blessing to my parents.

A good many people send their richest blessings away before they know what they are doing. I know men, and women, too, who send children to Spirit-Life. They are murderers, and will want their own when they can't get them. I don't want my mother nor father. They did not care for me, and now I don't care for them, as I have grandma, aunts and uncles, and such a lot of friends.

I was still-born, but I guess I shall never be still any more; I will make my way, even on earth.

My name is Thadie May. I am grandmother's boy, and was named for her brother, who died at sea in 1849. His name was like mine, "Thaddeus Anderson." My name is Thaddeus Anderson May. I come because I want to. My people live in New York, and are grand people, if money makes great folks. Goodness is better than money.

HANNAH MEAD TO HER SON WILLIAM MEAD, OF YATES, ORLEANS CO., N. Y.

SPIRIT-WORLD, Beyond the Borders of Time,
Where the Sunny Season of Eternity never Changes.

My dear, dear son William, can it be that I can reach you now—I have tried so? You have called me, my son, and I will never more leave you till you realize what the true Philosophy of Spirit-Communication means. I may not express myself

clearly, but you will never mistake a mother's love, if you do not fully recognize her manner of expression.

Death did not part us, William, as you felt and thought. I could see you most of the time, and tried as often to make you understand that I was near. You have many times had slight testimonies from me; now I am giving you a truthful record of my condition and progress in Spirit-Life.

I was for a long time bound to the earth. My love for my dear ones kept me near them. Little by little, they learned to get on without me, and I could then follow my guides to the different spheres, in pursuit of knowledge. I knew I should have a chance to communicate with you, and I wanted to know the truth, that I might impart it to my friends, so that no one could say that Hannah Mead deceived them.

Upright and honorable was our breed, my son; and your ancestors were true to theirs.

I find it hard to control the Medium, as she possesses one of those sensitive organisms which shrinks from strange control. I find it pleasant to come to you through an avenue where Truth illumines the way, and where there is a calm, earnest desire to give the whole truth or nothing.

There are certain great laws and principles which govern both worlds; and all the inhabitants therein, from the lowest to the loftiest intelligences, all act in conformity to those laws. God governs all, and like the ocean waves, they can extend just so far and no farther. He keeps their bounds hedged in by to us mighty mysteries. Even the most advanced of philosophers have not reached this source of Infinite Wisdom and Power; and yet men marvel why Spirits cannot reveal more. There is unity and harmony in all these laws, each running into and communicating with each other. This power or law can be traced like a thread of gold through man's social, moral and intellectual being.

Now, as law governs in all things, and must be obeyed, do not marvel, my son, if I do not succeed in establishing my personality in this message. My real nature was like a pent-up stream; my intellect and reasoning faculties seemed locked up, all through my earth-life. Death produced the key, which opened a door by which my soul could take in all the glorious realities of being.

My son, if you will give me the chance, I will go over all my Spiritual experiences, that you may know all my journey-

ings, and also that you may see the way clearly to higher attainments.

Our old minister, or the one who preached for us when I was young, met me the other day, and remarked thus: "Hannah, the Spirit-Life is not all Sabbath, as we thought to find it. I have heard plenty of music, and the spheres revolve in sweetest harmony; but I have not yet heard a psalm-tune." "You never will," I replied. There are many who come into Spirit-Life, dreaming of golden harps with silvery strings, white robes, and eternal Sunday. How the reality will take them down! Active, useful employment is one of heaven's best laws. There are no drones among the angels, Willie. The Divine Messengers are ever busy on missions of love.

My dear son, I will help you now, and I want you to do all you can for your fellow-men. Tell all our friends, every one who loves my memory, that I, Hannah Meade, am now alive and active, and am cheerfully making up for lost time on the earth. You, my dear son, can help me by sowing the seed of truth wherever you find a chance; and when the harvest comes, your sheaves will be ready.

Affectionately, your mother,

HANNAH.

LITTLE CHARLIE ROWLEY, OF EAST DIXFIELD, MAINE, TO HIS SISTER, MARY A. CHASE, OF CARTHAGE, ME.

SISTER MARY, I come to you at this time to let you know I am not dead, as you believe. I am just as much alive as you are. I did have inflammation of the lungs, and it took me out of the body; but for all that, I am not dead.

Father, Abial and Leander are here. Walter and Elmer Fales are also near me. I wish you could see us as we are. Sarah Richardson and Julia are here. Jimmie's back is not broken now; he is tall and straight, like Sarah and Uncle James. Be good to mother, for she will come to us here soon.

I am Charlie. So you must believe it is me, and be comforted.

THROUGH MRS. NANCY ADAMS.

S. A. JONES.

WILL it take a moment for such thoughts as are in the ascendant? Verily, I say unto you, all must come to the same fold and Shepherd. Wonder is not a word to express our meaning! The heaven of heavens opened on our vision. This to us was a more thrilling outgrowth than mind had conceived of; for even the child of squalid rags has his place assigned him, in the niche of whose temple all have a

part in building. Great God of Love, 'tis all we could exclaim, when our eyes were unsealed to the beatific glories so profuse on every hand. The world of matter is in its infancy, compared to your own home built without hands—yes, mansion in the skies. Who will lose time in proving life immortal, will weep that the jewel was not early worn over his heart. Groan in trials for a season; the tempest abates, and the bow of promise is set in the heavens as a seal to assure you of the goodness of your Creator.

HARFORD, SUSQUEHANNAH CO., PA., May 2, 1877.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

SWIFT FOOT.

SWIFT FOOT want to send word to the pale faces, through the talking sheet. Swift Foot jus come from the hunting-grounds towards setting sun; the war paint is on his cheek, the war plume waves above his scalp-lock. Swift Foot been in the hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit many long moons, but his heart is hot within him. Swift Foot see the wrongs dat the snake pale-chiefs do to his red brudders, and the blood burns in his veins. Swift Foot say, Pale-faces, beware the tomahawk, and the long knife is uplifted ready to strike. The red-skins hab waited long, but now they are on the trail. Swift Foot say, Pale-faces who sit in council in your wigwams of the East, not know the true state in the far West. Bands of red-skins meet to pow-wow over the case; they talk fight, they mean scalp; burn; they want the pale snakes who keep their beef and their blankets. Half Moon say, Pence. Red Wing say, Patience. Me no Patience; she sit down and let Injun starve. Me no Peace; she treat Injun like foot-ball, what you kick. Swift Foot say, Better his red brudders be shot out than starve.

Swift Foot see great tribes of Spirit-Injuns, strong and mighty like the forest trees; their hearts are hot for the wrongs of the red race; they gather in the council; they pray for the Great Manitou to redress the red-man's wrongs; they see snake chiefs getting in office, who rob the Injun; they can no stand; they go out and say, We make tings hot for pale-face; and pale-face get robbed by brudder pale-face; pale-face wigwams burn, pappoose lost, squaw shoted. How like? Fun to do it to red man; right to cheat Injun. Monstrous, di'bolical to treat white man so.

Swift Foot shake paw wid you, talking chief. Swift-Foot friend to good pale-faces. Swift Foot scorn liars and snakes. Bah!

Swift Foot, runner; jus come from West; tell pale sacheins in big council, unless keep faith with Injun, before the snow flies, the plains will grow *black* with white man's blood. Good moon.

THROUGH ALFRED JAMES, PHILA.

[While entranced, written down as delivered by J. M. R.]

HENRY SIMONS, (JEW.)

WELL, friendt, you see I vas here. I tell you Jew Spirits are like all oder Spirits dat you see. Dey likes to findt tings out.

Vell, I hafe dish to say about my life here, first, and my life beyond afterwards: I vas named Heinneh Simons. I vas a clodthing tealer; first in Secondt streedt in Philadelphia, and afterwards in de town of Urbana, Ohio.

Since I bassed away do Spirit-Life I haf not raisit mooch. I to not see mooch, neither. You see, friendt, dere vas nod much Spiriduality about me. I vas mooch maderial.

I liked dat peddlar; but I shee I make mishdake. Dey shay de Jews are de beoble of God; but I findt dot dere ish ash many Jews outside ash any oder beoble. Dey are no pedder dan any von else.

I vas dolt to come here do ged a compash do sdeer by—a sdarding boint for a journey. It ish do be made clear do me ven I go back. Goot-pye.

ROBERT ALLISON, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

I AM here. I will speak in a few moments, when I get rested. If any one had told me a few years back that there was anything like what you are witnessing here today, I would have thought him a proper subject for an insane asylum. But how much we can be mistaken. When a man is mistaken about a few trifling things, it does not make much difference, but when he is mistaken concerning that which relates to the immortal life, he makes the greatest mistake that he possibly can make.

How many poor Spirits do I witness from day to day around me, who have commenced their lives here with the same ideas that I had. An exchange of ideas takes place, of course, with the change to Spirit-Life; for were there no change, it would be very much as if travelling in a circle. You continually come back to where you started from. This punishment is umpy sufficient in time to awaken a desire for change. I know of no hell equal to that of eternal monotony.

My idea in coming here today, was to obtain some means of opening a way by which every one could understand exactly

how I found the Spirit-Life; and it may serve as a sort of chart to enable them to avoid the mistakes which I made concerning the Eternal Life.

My name was Robert Allison. The idea of coming here was communicated to some of my friends through another channel and at another place. They will recall that fact.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SIR, I came through this Medium last night at another place than this. (At Science Hall, corner of Seventh and Cal-lowhill streets, Phila.) But there was no one there to record what I said. I wish today to communicate so that my character may be understood by what I say of it. I was a courtier, and all courtiers are hypocrites. If they start true men, they end by becoming such. They have to bend and cringe, to fawn upon and flatter those whom they naturally despise. And what is this for? To obtain the favor of kings and queens. Vain is the happiness which hangs upon the favor of princes. Today you are a great man at the court, and lauded to the skies; tomorrow a scaffold awaits you. Far better off are those who live in this day, than were those who lived in the day when I lived. For now they belong to themselves, and their heads are their own; but in the days when I lived, your head and person belonged to the king.

I lived a gay life, and saw much of that kind of pleasure that might be termed aristocratic under some circumstances, but which under others, must be regarded as decidedly vulgar.

In the life beyond, I feel at last that I have found my true level. I find that here I have gotten free from all those things which keep one from being a true man; and that when a man shines out in moral purity, that he is indeed a man. This is my feeling today, and I hope this communication will be promulgated as evidence of Spirit-communion with mortals. I know that there is more of true wisdom to be learned by such communion and interchange of ideas, than in any other way.

I will not detain you longer. I was known as Sir Walter Raleigh.

JACK PARKSBY, FALMOUTH, ENGLAND.

GOOD day, sir. D—n all Catholics. I don't say this with compunction of spirit. I say it with my whole heart. They hunted me, and d—n me if I don't them. They are enemies to everything which is not wrapped up in their infernal cross. They have drawn the clouds of darkness around the world so thick that light can

hardly reach it. Would you believe it? They've got all that crowd here who went along with the old hermit, Peter, to fight the infidels; and a jolly crowd they are. They are saying their masses, having their communions, and going through their mummeries from time to time.

Now for my personal history. My name was Jack Parkshy. I was a sailor, and lived in Falmouth, England. One day I was ashore. What I mean is, I was broke—that is, I was out of money. This was in 1821. There was a vessel there that wanted to ship a crew. They could not get anybody to ship, so they "shanghied" me and others—that is, made us drunk and got us on board. Well, what do you think this thing was? Nothing else but a French Catholic colonization affair. This colony was to go out to what we sailors call the South Sea Islands. We went out there and found it to be a fine and pleasant country. I concluded to join the colony. The ship sailed home and I stayed. Well, stranger, that was the worst day's work I ever did; for, no sooner had the vessel got out of sight, than that infernal old priest told me that I must turn Catholic. I thought I'd give in for a while and turn Catholic. I afterwards tried to raise a mutiny among the colonists; but, you see, this old priest was one too many for me. He caught me at the job, and I was put to the torture. That means roasting a fellow. That's what the matter was with my feet when I came here. [The guide of the Medium had announced the appearance of this Spirit, as one whose feet were swollen and sore.]

Now I wish to say that if the Catholics got the best of me that day, when they "hiked" me over here to Spirit-Life, they did not know that as soon as I woke up, and got back here again, that I played the very devil with them. Haven't you noticed how many more Catholics drink than other people? That is brought about by such fellows as me. We are associated together for that purpose. We have a gang like the French Huguenots, and the damage we have done the Catholics has not been small. And I'm going to keep it up. I will say before I go that I am very well satisfied with what I am at. I am just in the sphere which suits me, for I have not got rid of my revengeful feelings, and do not want to get rid of them. [He was told that he was working against his own happiness, by continuing his inimical feelings against any portion of his fellow-men; but he was entirely obdurate, and said, "I want to give you a piece of advice. If you want to waste

your time in trying to reform the Catholics, you can do it; but you needn't try and persuade me from hunting them, for I know that is the only way to meet their persecutions.

ROBERT HARRISON.

GOOD DAY, SIR,—How strange I feel. I never expected to have a chance to express myself here. When I left this world, no man could have convinced me that this was not the last of me. I had examined every evidence which I could find to show that I existed after this life was over. I could find none; and right here I would like to ask you a question. How is it that this life, which is continued on after death, is not made plainer to men? On such an important point and of such vital interest to mankind, there ought to have been some plainer way reached to convince them of it. A man has many chances to pick up valuable information here. I do not think I was prejudiced against Spiritualism; and I think from the ease with which I come here to-day, that I could readily have received the proof of its truth.

I lived a quiet life—I read a few books. I had no definite understanding of the life to come; neither had I any prejudices to overcome, and yet I felt within my spirit from time to time a desire for the life beyond, although I would never express it or give way to it. One whom I loved much, a daughter, who preceded me to Spirit-life, gives me the greatest concern. It grieves me, sir, to see the situation of that daughter in Spirit-life. She has hedged herself in with such beliefs, that I, her father, and one who would gladly rescue her, cannot reach her. I hope that the time will come when all will understand the road that leads to eternal life, and how to go equipped for this journey which all will have to make. My name was Robert Harrison, of Richmond, Va. It has been nine years since I passed away. I was a hardware merchant in that City.

[Will the teachers of Spiritualism please answer the pregnant question asked by this Spirit. J. M. R.]

SUSAN KUNKLE.

MR. DENSMORE,—You say all are welcome. I thank you. I promised they should hear from me again. I want my sisters Harriet and Emma to see this; I am so sorry they think as they do about my first communication. It was my own. I was a Christian, and tried to live an honest Christian life; but I found after I left this world that I'd got a good deal to learn and a good deal to unlearn. I'd got

to get rid of my old notions of heaven and hell, before I could get along at all; and I want you all to take this into consideration, that you can't get rid of your sins merely by belief in Christ. You have got to pay the penalty for every evil deed committed; and no Christ can save you, no church can save you, no Bible can save you—you are to depend upon your own efforts, you are to work out your own salvation.

You have doubted that it was me that sent the first communication. Was I given to telling lies? You know I was not. And to Emma: I am so sorry that she disbelieves her husband—such a good man as he is.

I have found out many things since leaving earth-life. I find that those who are so ready to doubt the truth of others are not to be trusted too far themselves.

To my more than brother, George Richey:

Then let our songs resound,
Sing of the sweet By-and-bye,
When with our loved ones we are found
In happy homes on high.

To my children: I see it is of no use to talk to you; you will not do as I wish. Believe me, Walter and Charles, I am ever near you. SUSAN KUNKLE.

A FRAGMENT.

A MAN may revel as he will
And still be lord and king;
But woman, making one misstep,
Must hear her death-knell ring.

Oh, human justice! Oh, jewel of consistency!
Whither have ye fled?

DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

If we think of religion only as a means of escaping what we call the wrath to come, we shall not escape it. We are already under it; we are under the burden of death, for we care only for ourselves.—James Anthony Froude.

HAPPY is the man that has such a friend beside him when he comes to die! How many men, I wonder, does one meet with in a lifetime whom he would choose for his death-bed companions?—Hawthorne.

EVEN Job, with heaps upon heaps of distressing events to distract him, never really gave up till his three friends opened their mouths and tried to comfort him.

"TUNIE" FUND.

WE have been requested by the Band controlling the destiny of this paper to call upon those of our patrons who are able, to contribute to a fund for sending the VOICE OF ANGELS free to those unable to pay for it. To any and all our patrons who can send any amount, if ever so small, for the above purpose, we will credit the amount they may send, in the next issue of the paper.

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